

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Death March"

(feat. Esoteric, Virtuoso)

[Undertaker:]

Tonight, I speak of prophecy
And what I will shall be done
The sacrifices are not over
The next sacrificial lamb will be led... to slaughter

[Virtuoso:]

I'm omnipotent. You claim to win battles so when the beat starts
I'll punch the tree bark and pass the chainsaw to a leaf's heart
Severian the Animal; I'm doing dirt like earthworms
I'm sick and original, boy; I gave birth to the first germs
I spit the acetate to make your lips evaporate
The Master Ape; bare hands will decapitate and bash your face
Pass the eighth sack of shake; twist it and blast my tape
Put Cambridge on the castle gate
Haven't come across a substance yet I couldn't lacerate
Virtuoso, the unidentified flying object
To make your space shuttle from NASA late
So while you crooks look for a hook I'm sayin' pass the bait
Telling 7L to scratch a plate
In a duel for respect I'll slap your face
Ask to make my specs and I'ma tackle ya
You're a neck and I'm Dracula
Have sex in the back of a black Lex or an Acura
Laugh with the, Jedi Mind Tricks
We rhyme sick and side bricks for dime chicks
I'll strangle you, use my same hands to give you the Heimlich
So you can live to face more punishment from my divine lips

[Jus Allah:]

Jus Allah prays on the minds of the young
Silencing the devil that speaks with forked tongue
Taste my blade's sharpness, rank you no class like Marxists
The heartless, rise out of darkness
I'm the last head you should ever try to fuck with
Be the next member in the cast of my snuff flick
Rough shit, don't even attempt sleeping
At war with the demons that live in infernal regions
Spawned from eternal semen, bred flesh predators
Wings of the arm on your heels like Pegasus
Grabbing your leg, so you live with the Heaven-less
Drop death's prejudice and follow me to Exodus

[Ikon the Hologram:]

We ravenous, exhume the tomb of Lazarus
You blasphemous, we bring war to pacifists

Tarantulas, burn flesh like a nine Glock
Your mind stops from nine of my divine shots
Pine box is fine for a killer to run
Swing from vines and ride like Atilla The Hun
Bring the gun, your tongue is what I'm slicing
We slap tracks and attack like M. Bison
Elohim, fuck the pagans – we mock them
And take turns to burn religious doctrines
Concoctions of pain hits from eight angles
Locked in the brain to lacerate angels

[Esoteric:]

Yo, I rip mics, stick lames
Wreck nights, spit flames
Lead pipes, split frames
Kid ain't shit changed
Act trife
I grab the mic and bag your wife
Sacrifice you twice
Motherfuck an after life
Decimate your paradise
Burn tracks like thermostats
My personal attacks snap back to murder cats
I might advise, you type of guys should revitalize
Your man power, I sabotage like fireflies
With a dope rhyme
Take control of your soul
Rap a potent flow over foes
Hope you don't catch a broken nose
Opponents go to shows
Now they know their roles, they're hoes that fold my clothes
I bark at these, mark emcees, park and freeze
My words part the seas
Kill beats like heart disease
Man, please
You could never fuck with the Eso-pterodactyl
My rap skills will thrash you
Motherfucker

[Undertaker:]

So until we meet again...accept the lord of darkness as your savior. Allow to the purity of evil to guide you